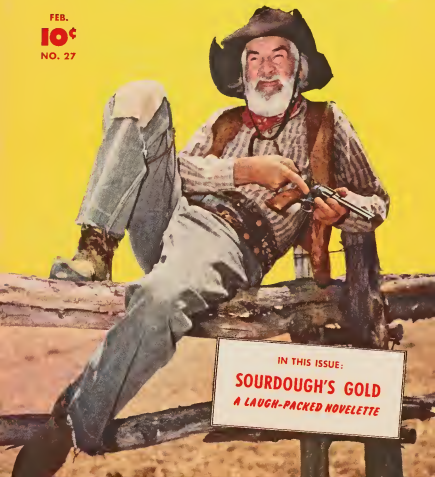


A Fawcett Publication

# Gabby Hayes<sup>®</sup> Western



FEB.  
**10¢**  
NO. 27



IN THIS ISSUE:  
**SOURDOUGH'S GOLD**  
A LAUGH-PACKED NOVELETTE



## Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit

This kit includes the new Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, with shutter that sets off the flash. All pre-set at the factory—just aim and shoot. Gets wonderful snapshots. \$12.75.

# What a gift!

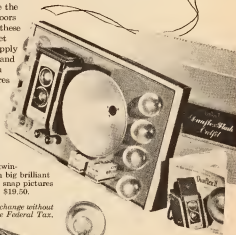
... a complete kit for flash pictures

You'll take action shots at night just like the press photographers. You'll get snaps indoors any time. It's no trick at all with one of these new Kodak flash outfits. In the kit you get an up-to-the-minute Kodak camera, a supply of film, Flashholder, flash bulbs, batteries and two booklets that tell you everything you need to know to start making swell pictures right away. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

## Kodak Duaflex II Flash Outfit

In this kit you get the new twin-lens, reflex-type camera with big brilliant view finder. All set, ready to snap pictures indoors or out, day or night. \$19.50.

*All prices are subject to change without notice and include Federal Tax.*



Other Kodak Cameras just  
"tops" for Christmas



**Brownie Target Six-20 Camera**—Vertical and horizontal view finders. Fixed-focus lens; two stops to control light. Negatives  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ . \$5.75.



**Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera**—"Makes snaps around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Negatives,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ . \$11.75; Flashholder, \$2.92.



**Baby Brownie Special Camera**. Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives,  $1\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ . \$2.75.

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TRADE-MARK

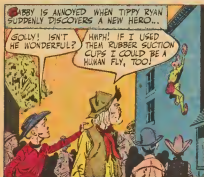


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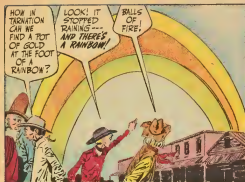
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN  
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY  
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

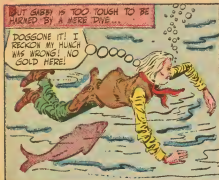
W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

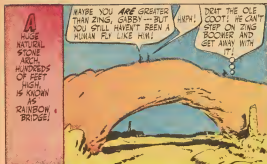




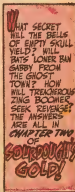
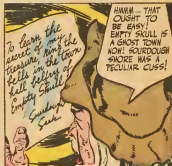












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I enclose \$ ..... for the above orders.

# YOUNG FALCON in THE SILVER SLAVES

**I**n the old West there were greedy, unscrupulous men who worshipped at the altar of **SILVER!** But when they reach their grasping hands into the lives of a peaceful Indian tribe, **YOUNG FALCON**, lone hunter of the woods and foe of all evil, steps in to free the **SILVER SLAVES!**



Young Falcon has come to the camp of the peaceful Nasuga Indians, but he finds the old Chief very troubled as ---

THIS IS A STRANGE STORY YOU TELL, GREAT CHIEF! YOU SAY YOUR BRAVES HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING?

IT IS SO, YOUNG FALCON, AND MY HEART IS HEAVY WITH WORRY! MY BRAVES GO OUT FOR A LONE HUNT IN THE WOODS AND NEVER RETURN!

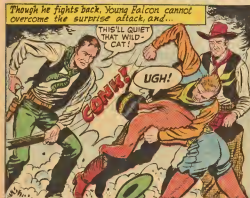
IF ANIMALS HAD ATTACKED THE MISSING BRAVES, OUR SEARCHES WOULD HAVE REVEALED SOMETHING -- SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE OR PAW MARKS! BUT WE FIND NO SUCH TRACES! ANOTHER YOUNG BRAVE VANISHED YESTERDAY! I KNOW NOT WHAT TO DO!

THIS STRANGE THING INTRIGUES ME! I WOULD HELP, GREAT CHIEF! I SHALL SEARCH THE WOODS MYSELF! PERHAPS FORTUNE MAY FAVOR ME AND I CAN FIND SOME CLUE TO THESE HAPPENINGS!

Later Young Falcon searches through the woods! Suddenly he halts and ---

HERE IS SOMETHING -- A BRAVE'S TOMAHAWK! IT FELL HERE UNDER THIS SHRUB! THE BRAVE MUST HAVE DRAWN IT BUT NOT HAD THE TIME TO USE IT!





Later, Young Falcon awakens to find himself a prisoner---

WH-WHERE AM I...?

INSIDE A MINE---A SILVER MINE! COME ON-- ON YOUR FEET!

I'M BOSS HERE! ANY TRICKS AND YOU'RE FINISHED! NOW GRAB A PICK-AXE AND GET TO WORK WITH THE OTHERS!



GO ON! GET OVER THERE AND START WORKING!

FASTER, YUH COYOTES! MAKE THOSE PICKS FLY!



NOW I SEE IT ALL! THESE ARE THE MISSING BRAVES--WORKING HERE MINING SILVER. THEY WERE CAPTURED AS I WAS, BROUGHT HERE AND TURNED INTO SLAVES!

THERE WILL BE NO RELEASE FROM THIS MINE! THEY INTEND WORKING THESE MEN TO THEIR DEATH!

That night...

YOU TALK OF ESCAPE, YOUNG FALCON? SHHH! WE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SLEEPING! TO LET THE GUARD EVEN HEAR SUCH TALK MEANS DEATH!

I KNOW, BUT I WILL FREE YOU, EVERY ONE OF YOU! ONLY DO AS I SAY AT THE RIGHT TIME!

BUT TO RUSH THE GUARD IS SUICIDE! HE IS ALWAYS ALERT!

And the next morning...



I KNOW AND I SHALL NOT TRY TO RUSH HIM! THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE! HAVE EVERYONE READY TOMORROW!

SO FAR, ALL GOES WELL! I'VE LOOSENEED THE DIRT AND ROCK ALL ALONG THIS SIDE OF THE TUNNEL!



AND THE GUARD STANDS IN HIS USUAL SPOT ALONG-SIDE THE WALL! GOOD! NOW, ONE MORE HARD BLOW WILL DO IT! HERE GOES!



NOW THE OTHERS WILL COME RUSHING FROM THE OTHER TUNNELS! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! SHOW THEM HOW WELL SHOVELS AND AXES CAN BE USED!



The other guards are met with a furious barrage as ---

OWOOO!

THAT'S IT! THE TABLES ARE TURNED, JACKALS!

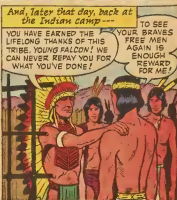
WHAT'S-- OOOOW!

AND THIS IS FOR YOU, LEADER OF THE TWO-LEGGED HYENAS! -- YOUR SLAVES ARE FREE AGAIN!



ENOUGH, BRAVES! THE COYOTES HAVE NO STOMACH FOR MORE! YOU ARE FREE MEN! FIRST, WE TAKE THESE COWARDS TO THE NEAREST TOWN! THERE IS A STRONG JAIL WAITING THERE FOR THEM!

N-NO MORE! STOP! WE GIVE UP!



And, later that day, back at the Indian camp ---

YOU HAVE EARNED THE LIFELONG THANKS OF THIS TRIBE, YOUNG FALCON! WE CAN NEVER REPAY YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

TO SEE YOUR BRAVES FREE MEN AGAIN IS ENOUGH REWARD FOR ME!

**PERFECT SCALE MODEL**  
**CANTLE**  
**SADDLE RINGS**  
**LARIAT**  
**SUDADERO**  
**FITS ANY FINGER**  
**STIRRUPS**

**BOYS! GIRLS!**  
HURRY! GET THIS BIG  
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Yippee! It's a honey-shiny airplane aluminum that won't tarnish—designed like a real hand-tooled Western Saddle! Send for it today and you'll be the envy of your neighborhood!

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COUGH DROPS  
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COUGH DROPS

## STUTTERING STUART



# OLD SLICK





# GABBY HAYES

**SOURDOUGH'S GOLD**  
CHAPTER TWO  
**BATS IN THE BELFRY!**

GRRR! ANOTHER FOOL COMING TO EMPTY SKULL! HELL NEVER PASS MY TRAPS! WON'T THE HARKINTS EVER LEARN I WANT TO BE ALONE?

WHERE IS SOURDOUGH'S GOLD? THE ANSWER IS HIDDEN IN THE BELLS OF EMPTY SKULL! BUT BEFORE GABBY CAN RING OUT THE CLUES HE MUST PASS BATS LONGER, A GIANT HERMIT WHO MAY NOT BE COMPLETELY LOCO BUT SURE IS **BATS IN THE BELFRY!**

SOME HOMBRE'S HAVING A LITTLE JOKE! NOTHING'S SAFER THAN A GHOST TOWN!

OW! HELP!

**BEWARE!**

**EMPTY SKULL**  
1 MILE —  
POPULATION 1  
AND IT'S GONNA STAY THAT WAY

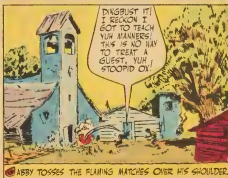
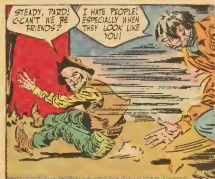
**TURN BACK!**

BEWARE, PARD! WE'VE TRIED FOR WEEKS TO GET IN THAT CURSED TOWN! AND LOOK AT US!

WE THINK EMPTY SKULL IS THE SOURCE OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE --- BUT THAT GIANT IS TOO ORNERY TO COOPERATE!

CATTLE HEALTH ASSOCIATION





GABBY TOSSES THE FLAMING MATCHES OVER HIS SHOULDER.











# OUTLAW SNARE

*A Buck Desmond Adventure*

*By Tim Bennett*



**B**UCK DESMOND sat his horse easily. Half turned in the saddle, waiting for the sheriff to explode. Around him the other members of the posse were quiet, grimly quiet, their faces caked with alkali dust, eroded by sweat, and ravaged by long hours of riding. They waited.

It came. "Dang it!" blurted the sheriff. He wiped wearily at his stubbled chin. "Dang blast it, anyway. The same old thing! We think fer sure we got 'em—and where do we end up? Right back at Indian Butte, with nary a trace of those road agents! I tell you Buck, it just ain't natural. Them coyotes must be able to fly—or something."

Buck nodded. "Maybe, Sheriff. But how about their horses? You ever hear of a nag that could fly?"

"Nope!" The sheriff slid out of his saddle. "Might as well stop and make some java, men. Then we'll head back fer town. Plain to see we ain't going to catch them bandits today."

Later, as the sheriff talked to Buck apart from the others, he said: "I don't think we'll catch those varmints today, or any day, Buck. This here set up is driving me loco. Every peace loving hombre in the county is on my neck, the stage company is yelling fer my scalp, and what can I do. Those dratted road agents just keep holding up the stages—and keep getting clean away. I'm licked, Buck! Licked to a frazzle, less you can help me out some way."

Buck nodded. "I'll sure try, Sheriff. But we're up against some pretty shrewd hombres! And since this is the first time I've been along with you I'd sort of like to scout around, Sheriff."

Buck and the sheriff mounted and rode away together, to the face of the butte towering two hundred feet into the hard blue sky. The sheriff pointed. "You see the tracks, Buck? The tracks come right up to the cliff and stop. That's all, dang it! They just disappear like a pile of chips in a crooked poker game. Now you explain it to me. And, mind you, there ain't no caves in that butte, nor any ravines, nothing where a man could hide so much as a fly. It's dead sure they don't go up the side of that cliff either."

Buck searched the ground surrounding the towering butte. To one side a rocky slant led down to a small stream, swollen now by rains in the adjacent hills. "You scouted all around

the butte?" he asked. "No tracks leading away on the other side?"

"Nope!" The sheriff reined his horse around, ready to rejoin the posse. "Not so much as a coyote track, Buck. Just the tracks of maybe five, six horses coming up to the butte, and then nothing. A lot for a law officer to go on, ain't it?"

When the posse started back Buck remained behind. "I reckon I'll just mosey around a bit," he told the sheriff. "Take a look for myself. See you in town later, Sheriff."

The sheriff nodded. "Reckon you know what you're doing, son. But be careful. Those road agents are killers, you know. Last time they robbed the stage they killed the driver and two guards. They'd just as soon put lead in you, I reckon."

Buck watched the posse ride away. When the small figures disappeared in a draw he wheeled his horse and rode slowly around the butte. The twisted, malformed rock, roughly resembling an Indian head, seemed to leer back at him. Around and around Buck rode, leaning far out of his saddle to study the soft brown earth. Except for the tracks of his own pony there was nothing!

He rode back to the cliff face, where the tracks of the bandits' horses ended so strangely. Buck dismounted, crouched over the tracks, his face as impassive as the stone of the butte itself. Still nothing! The tracks simply ended at the base of the cliff. That was all.

Buck chuckled to himself. "Don't blame the sheriff for feeling sort of loco. This is enough to make any man feel that way. But there's got to be an answer, and I'm going to find it."

He remounted, eased the carbine in his saddle boot in case he needed it in a hurry, and studied the hills around him. Good bush-whack country, he thought with a vague stirring of uneasiness. You could drygulch a man here without any trouble at all. The only cover was that little glade of cottonwoods the other side of the stream and . . .

Even as he looked at the cottonwoods he saw something move in them. Something dun colored, faintly seen through the silvery stems of the small trees. Buck put his horse into a canter and rode toward the trees, thinking that there was no danger now. Had anyone wanted to shoot him they would have done it long before.

He dismounted and, taking his carbine,



walked into the trees. Almost immediately he saw the other horse, a brown mare that stood with head drooping, looking at him from liquid, pain filled eyes as he approached.

"Easy, girl," said Buck. "Easy, now. I won't hurt you. But somebody has, bad!"

He examined the long furrow in the shoulder of the horse. The wound had bled a lot and might easily have been fatal had it not somehow clotted. He stroked the soft muzzle of the mare as she nuzzled at him, then he looked down to notice something else. With an exclamation Buck dropped to his knees, picked up one of the horse's hooves. The mare shifted uneasily, as though in new pain.

Buck stood up and patted the mare again. "I wish you could talk, girl. I reckon you'd tell me why you haven't any shoes. And why your feet are so sore. And if I had the answer to those questions I think I'd know why the sheriff never catches those road agents. Maybe I know anyway. We'll see before much longer."

Riding slowly, because of the sore feet of the mare, Buck went back to town. He left the injured horse to be cared for, and looked up the sheriff. When he had finished talking that stalwart peace officer just looked at him and scratched the back of his head.

"Mebbe you know what yer talking about, Buck. And mebbe you don't. And, dang it, I don't see why you can't tell me more that goes on in that head of yours."

Buck grinned. "Because if I'm wrong, Sheriff, I'm going to be awful wrong. But all we got to do now is wait until the next stage robbery. Much as I hate to do it, there isn't any other way!"

A week passed before the stage was held up again. When the bullet ridden vehicle rolled into town, a badly wounded driver sagging across the high seat, Buck and the posse went into action.

"Same gang all right," the sheriff said as they pounded out of town. "And according to the driver they headed north after they got the loot. Natural, of course. That takes 'em right toward Indian Butte again. Time for you to talk up about them big schemes of yours, Buck."

"Wait a while, Sheriff! Wait till we get to where their tracks branch off the road, heading for the butte. Then I'll know better."

An hour later they reached the spot where the stage had been held up. The sheriff pointed in disgust. "You see, Buck. Same tracks, heading the same way. We follow 'em and we'll end at Indian Butte, licked again!"

Buck nodded grimly. "We would. But they go due north, Sheriff. So we go due south! And we have to ride hard. Let's go!"

There was no time for explanations to the

amazed posse. Buck led them away from the direction of the tracks, to the south, over rough country and into low foothills scabbed with rock formations. On they rode, stringing out in single file now to get through the narrow defiles, the jagged floored canyons. Buck was beginning to worry, to think he had made a real prize fool of himself, when the rifle slug whinged off the stones just ahead of him. Then more bullets flattened around the posse, buzzing like angry leaden bees.

The sheriff roared in delight, even in being shot at. "We got 'em, men. Take cover. We got the mangy varmints sure as sin this time! Got 'em holed up in them rocks, and they ain't getting out except as prisoners!"

Buck had left his pony at the first shot, to climb rapidly up one of the steep rock inclines. One slug plucked at his sleeve and another snarled at him in passing. When he reached the crest of the hill he shoved the carbine over a rim of sun hot rocks and peered down his sights. Good! Below him, in a ravine, six men were scattered like black bundles of clothes behind rocks. Buck grinned and sighted, slowly squeezed off his first shot.

The fight was very hot, but short. With Buck firing down at them the outlaws soon had enough. And that evening, when the bandits were safely locked in the stout adobe jail, Buck explained to the posse how he had trapped them.

"IT WAS simple," he said. "So simple none of us thought of it. I didn't until I found that mare, wounded, and with no shoes and sore feet! That set me to thinking. The distance from that stream, out near the butte, to the butte itself, is pretty rocky. Horses could cover it without leaving tracks. And the bandits always had a couple of hours after each holdup. So they rode to the butte, coming around and using the stream. But at the butte they changed their horses' shoes—put them on backward! Then they just rode away from the butte—and it looked like they had ridden up to it, and the tracks ended there! They'd go back to the road, mosey down it a little way, and head due south. Later they'd change the shoes again."

The sheriff gaped. "And changing shoes so often made their horses' git sore feet, eh? But how about that wounded horse, the one you found?"

"Must have been hit in one of the robberies," said Buck. "They took off the shoes to keep from giving away the plan, after they'd changed them, and found the horse couldn't make it. They didn't have time to put the shoes on right again. No decent man would have left that horse behind anyway, and in this case it gave them away."

THE END

GABBY HAYES WESTERN

# SADDLE HEAD

"LATE SLEEPER!"



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OF THE GOLDEN WEST-

## BOB COLT



10¢ WATCH YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND !!! 10¢

# GABBY HAYES

in  
**SOURDOUGH'S GOLD**  
CHAPTER THREE  
**IN THE LION'S DEN**

UNWARE THAT TREACHEROUS ZING BOOMER AND GIANT BATS LONER ARE TRAILING HIM, GABBY PAUSES AT THE BAR NOTHING FOR A LITTLE SNACK BEFORE TACKLING THE PERILS THAT LURK IN THE LION'S DEN!

YUM-YUM! I RECKON HESTER PACKED AN EXTRA BIG LUNCH FOR ME!



ABOUT TIME SHE REALIZED I NEED MAN-SIZED MEATS!

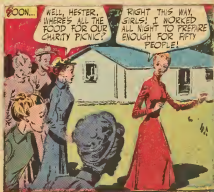
HOIST THEM HOOFS, HOSS! AT LAST I'M GOING TO BE RICH!

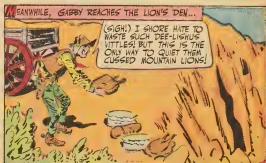


BOON...

WELL, HESTER, WHERE'S ALL THE FOOD FOR OUR CHARITY PICNIC?

RIGHT THIS WAY, GIRLS! I WORKED ALL NIGHT TO PREPARE ENOUGH FOR FIFTY PEOPLE!

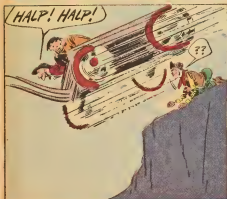


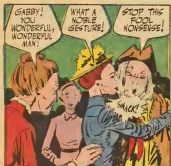


WHEN GABBY RETURNS THE FOOD IS GONE...













# CHIEF GRAY MATTER



IN A GRAVE DISCUSSION!



HEY, CHIEF GRAY MATTER, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FER YUH!

HUH? LOOKING FER ME!



THAT'S RIGHT, YORE SUPPOSED TUB BE A SMART HONDER! WAIL, I BET YUH DONT KNOW WHY FENCES ARE PUT AROUND CEMETERES.

NO, I DONT KNOW! WHY ARE FENCES PUT AROUND CEMETERES?



BECAUZ FOLKS ARE DYING TUB GET IN. HA, HA! I KNEW YUH WUZNT SO SMART!

!!!



LET'S SEE HOW SMART YOU ARE! WHY CANT THEY BURY THE FOLKS LIVING IN NORTH DAKOTA IN SOUTH DAKOTA?

HUH? HUMMM LET ME SEE!



GEE I DONT KNOW WHY CANT THEY BURY THE FOLKS LIVING IN NORTH DAKOTA IN SOUTH DAKOTA?

BECAUSE---



--- THEY'RE NOT DEAD! I SAID THE FOLKS 'LIVING', RIGHT!

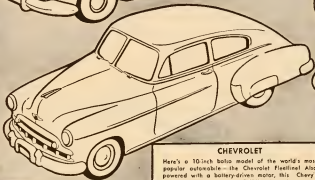
(GULP!)

HA, HA! I RECKON THE CHIEF SHOWED YUH UP AFTER ALL!

**HEY GANG!**  
LET'S BUILD THESE  
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED  
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH  
**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**  
FULL SIZE PLANS!

**BUICK CONVERTIBLE**

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight! And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model! Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



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**HOW TO ORDER:**

Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

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FAMOUS DAISSY 1000-SHOT

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DESIGNED BY STEPHEN SLEASINGER & J.

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NO. 111

**\$4.95**

GUN ALONE

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ONLY **\$7.50**



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NO. 25

**\$6.95**

GUN ALONE

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